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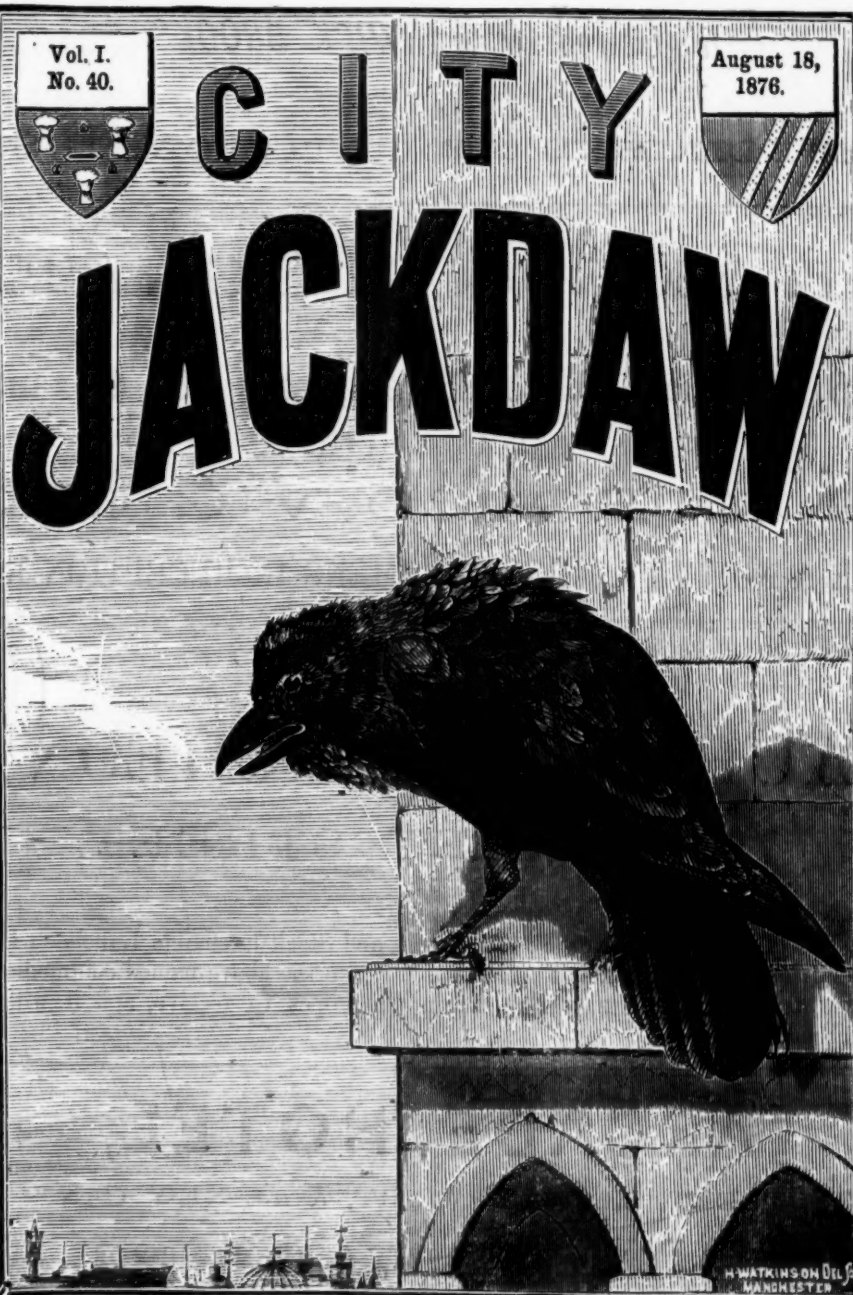
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. I.—No. 40.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ROMEO AS A ROBBER.

Nearly two years ago—how time flies—I recorded in a contemporary a strange conversation in which a Scotch friend entangled me concerning a new theory of "Macbeth," which he propounded to me in earnestness. He maintained and led me to suppose that he believed Shakspeare's sublime tragedy to be a psychological study of the effects of Scotch drink. My ill-judged publication of his fanciful remarks upon this subject, annotated with my own sceptical comments, cost him, I regret to say, considerable annoyance, and led to a temporary suspension of our intercourse. Though we have for some time let bygones be bygones, the subject has been a sore one, and controversial topics generally have been avoided by us in favour of theology and questions of Church government. I regarded it, therefore, as an exercise of unusual geniality when, the other day night, he voluntarily entered a conversation upon the subject of Shakspearean representations. "You will be having Miss Neilson next week playing at the Prince's, and doubtless we shall have all the Garrick mob tacked on to the play—the unnatural resurrection of Romeo dying with a kiss, the melodramatic death struggles of the two lovers, wriggling across the stage as if they had partaken of an under-dose of antimony instead of despatching themselves straight with the full dose of the true apothecary. The whole thing is nauseous, and spoils my pensive enjoyment of the 'misadventured piteous overtures' of the star-crossed lovers, converting my melting grief into simultaneous laughter. Charles Calvert had backbone enough to stop penny-booth style of performance, and I trust that the good taste which has succeeded him will equally preserve us from such an infliction—lest John Ryder to the contrary notwithstanding."

Emphatically sympathising most thoroughly with my friend in his opinions on this subject, I ventured to draw him out a little by asking whether he thought the measure of the characters in this romantic tragedy had been true to the traditional actors. "If, as you suppose," I ventured slyly, "Macbeth and his wife were simply dipsomaniacs, may not Shakspeare have had some hidden purpose, which could be discerned in the 'Romeo and Juliet' carefully between the lines? How would you, for instance, be treating Romeo as a Robber?"

"Well," he said, musingly, "there are robbers walking abroad in our present good society at the present day, and Italian robbers, or as they are called, have got a halo of romance woven about them. I won't say that Romeo was a robber, but I daresay a case of circumstantial evidence might be gathered about him which would justify Superintendent Bent in apprehending him on suspicion of felonious conduct. No doubt he placed himself in some very equivocal positions, and seems to have had at his finger's ends an extensive knowledge of the implements of burglary. He was unmistakably a systematic night-thief; he avoided the company of honest, merry-hearted revellers like me, and was addicted to the climbing and leaping of walls. He was provided with his device of a ladder of ropes to get admission to old Capulet's house, and very clever and unscrupulous in the bribery of servants. Yes, I think a clever detective could make out a strong case against him, such as would amply warrant his committal to the magistrates."

"Indeed," I said, "there seems to have been some suspicion regarding him. You remember in the last act that Paris put the worst construction on his motives."

"The worst construction! Paris, I have no doubt, was thoroughly convinced that he had a common thief to deal with. You remember his last words before Romeo turned and slew him—"

I apprehend thee for a felon here.

There is no doubt whatever that Romeo's purpose at the tomb was suspicious. The whole position was suspicious. He came in the dead

of night, carrying a torch and armed with wrenching irons. He set a watch that he might not be interrupted in his nefarious work. And his motive is by himself shamelessly confessed—

Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring.

Let us see how the charge against Romeo should be proceeded with. Imagine the case before the magistrates at Minshull Street, and reported thus in the *City News*:—

STRANGE CHARGE OF BURGLARY AND SACRILEGE AGAINST A GENTLEMAN.

At the City Police Court, yesterday, Romeo Montague, a young man of elegant appearance, and connected with some of the best families in the city, was brought before the stipendiary, Mr. Headlam, and a full bench of magistrates, on a grave charge. He was accused of entering the dwelling-house of Mr. Capulet, in Ardwick Green, and with the connivance of one or more of the inmates, stealing therefrom various valuables; and also with an attempt to force open the family vault of the same family in St. Ann's Churchyard, with intent to steal therefrom a ring described in the charge-sheet as "precious." Mr. Superintendent Meade prosecuted.

Mr. Meade said the prisoner's movements had for some time been very suspicious, and several of his best officers had jointly and severally had their eye on him. He should content himself on that occasion with calling evidence which he thought would justify a remand. The first witness he should put in the box was

Signior Benvolio, who said he was at one time a friend of the prisoner's. He regretted to say that lately the prisoner had been very irregular in his habits, and had caused his honest father much grief. On Tuesday morning last, Mr. Montague, senior, had met him in Stockport Road in a condition of great mental distress. He said that his son had not been at home all night. It was then, as far as he could recollect, about nine in the morning. While they were talking together, he saw Mr. Romeo approaching. Old Mr. Montague was much cast down, and went away before the prisoner came up. The prisoner certainly appeared very seedy. He confessed practically that he had not been in bed all night, and seemed surprised when he was told the time of day. He said that he was very miserable, and assigned as a reason that he had failed in obtaining something which he desired.

Mr. Headlam: This is important. Repeat his words as nearly as you can recollect them.

Witness: He spoke in a tragedy vein, and said—

Not having that which, having, makes them short—

He immediately afterwards became very confused in his language, and spoke of dining, which at that early hour seemed to the witness passing strange, as he had only himself breakfasted. He was very desirous to get away, but witness detained him, and the prisoner, apparently feeling that he had said too much, muttered something like—

Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here.
This is not Romeo, he is some otherwhere.

The Stipendiary [*sotto voce*]: Ha, an alibi. I suspected as much.

Witness said the prisoner appeared very restless, as if uneasy in his mind. He indicated that he was in some trouble, and feared that he might be—

Shut up in prison, kept without any food,
Whipp'd and tormented.

Mr. Cobbett, who appeared for the prisoner, asked witness whether his friend, Mr. Montague, had not told him that his malady was love.

Witness replied that the prisoner did say so. He said his sweetheart's name was Rosaline.

The Stipendiary: Stay, you are or were a friend of the prisoner's. Did you ever see this Miss Rosaline?

Witness said he had not.

Mr. Superintendent Meade: Her name is certainly not in the police books, and I can't find it in the directory.

Mr. Mercurio was the next witness. He gave his evidence with apparent reluctance, and caused much delay and annoyance to the magistrates by his eccentric behaviour, and the constant introducing of irrelevant stories. Mr. Le Court repeatedly said it was quite impossible for him to take down the witness's evidence if he would persist in talking so rapidly. The witness's story was substantially this. The prisoner and he had crushed many a cup together, and he had been accustomed to think well of him. Latterly, however, Romeo had shown a disposition to shun his society, and they had occasionally had hot words. He had agreed with the prisoner, the last witness, and others, to go to a dancing party at Mr. Capulet's, on Tuesday evening. They disguised themselves at the prisoner's suggestion. He was quite willing to do this for a lark, and he certainly had no nefarious intention in going to Mr. Capulet's. Indeed, the inducement which had chiefly weighed with him was that Mr. Capulet was noted for giving good suppers. He must confess that Romeo's conduct was strange. He paid a great deal of attention to Miss Juliet Capulet, and was particularly curious in the examination of a ring which the young lady wore. His conduct awakened the suspicions of Mr. Capulet's friends—more especially Mr. Tybalt—and ultimately they had to leave the house rather hurriedly. When they got out into the back street, Romeo rushed away from them, leapt the orchard wall, and disappeared. He saw the prisoner no more that night. Next morning, learning from Mr. Benvolio, the last witness, that Romeo had not been home to bed at his father's, he sought the prisoner and upbraided him with his conduct. The prisoner confessed that his business was great, but would give no satisfactory explanation of it. While they were talking together, an old woman, whom he recognised as a servant of the Capulets, came up, and Romeo seeming very ill at ease, and anxious to get rid of them, he and Benvolio went off, leaving the two in earnest conversation. He had an impression that Romeo tipped the servant a sovereign.

Mr. Cobbett declined to cross-examine this witness, who barely escaped a reprimand from the magistrates for winking at the young ladies in the gallery.

Police-constable Escalus said his beat was in Ardwick Green. He had frequently seen the prisoner loitering late at night near Mr. Capulet's orchard. On Tuesday night he saw the prisoner leap over the wall, and immediately ran round to the area. He met Susan Cook on the door-steps. She stopped his mouth with a kiss and a mutton sandwich, and said that the man in the garden was only one of her young mistress's lovers, and would do no harm. On the following night he saw the same man, who he had no doubt was the prisoner, enter the house by a ladder of ropes, but as he had Susan's authority that it was only a little innocent flirtation that was going on he did not think it was any part of his business to interfere.

This witness was severely reprimanded by the presiding magistrate, who at this stage of his examination ordered him to stand down. Mr. Superintendent Meade said he should report the witness to Captain Palin, and he would assuredly be dismissed the force.

A Nurse, who gave her name as Susan, and said she had no other, was the next witness called. She affected to be very infirm, and refused to give her evidence until she was accommodated with a chair. She also demanded to be supplied with a glass of gin, but this request the magistrate sternly refused. It was with great difficulty that she could be got to attend to the questions addressed to her by Mr. Meade, and constantly entered into commendations of her dead husband, and quoted his sayings, some of which were quite unfit for publication. She ultimately confessed, however, that she had taken bribes from the prisoner, and at his suggestion had introduced a ladder of ropes, with which he furnished her to a chamber in the back part of the premises. After much prevarication she also admitted that the prisoner had entered Mr. Capulet's house during the night, while the rest of the family were asleep.

Mr. Superintendent Meade said he did not propose to carry the case further on that occasion. He should ask for a remand.

The Stipendiary remarked that the case had assumed a very grave appearance, and he was almost inclined to think that the prisoner should be committed at once.

Mr. Meade said he should like to complete the case, if his worship pleased.

Mr. Superintendent Gee said he had even a more serious charge against the prisoner, who had been caught in the act of rifling the family vault of the Capulets in St. Ann's Churchyard on the previous night. Several

policemen could swear to the offence, and the burglarious instruments would be produced in court. They had also in their possession a confession by the prisoner, in which he said that his object in opening the tomb was to take a precious ring from the finger of a dead lady.

Some formal evidence was given in support of Mr. Gee's statement.

Mr. Cobbett said that he believed he could offer a full explanation of all the circumstances which bore so heavily against his client, but since it appeared that the magistrates were bent upon committing him, he should reserve his defence. He could not, however, forbear expressing his regret that a story, which was quite innocent in itself, should be made public property to the possible detriment of a very engaging young lady's fair fame and reputation, and the great grief of two most respectable families.

The prisoner was then fully committed to take his trial at the assizes on both charges.

"But, of course," I said, "you do not mean that Romeo really was a robber?"

"He shall not rob me of my night's rest," said my friend, "I'll turn my truckle bed. *Bon soir!* There's a French salutation for you."

And so I was dismissed, and went home reflecting that in these days no man's character is safe.

LOVE RHYMES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON the subject in capitals mentioned above,
I have pondered a number of times;
'Tis a singular thing that the passion of love
Should usurp such a number of rhymes.
Most poets are fond of the praises of girls,
And describing their eyes and their hair;
'Tis a fortunate thing that the mention of curls
Should recall all the gifts of the fair.

Again, 'tis a fortunate thing that a bird
Should be called by the name of a dove;
By the mention of pigeons the bird is thus stirred
To discourse in sweet measure of love.
Now, why as an emblem of love such a bird
Should be taken, I am not aware;
But the poet of love, as a rule, is absurd,
And his manner of writing unfair.

As a matter of fact, any bird would have done
For the practical purpose, but then
There is never a poet that's under the sun
Who can rhyme by a scratch of his pen;
For if that small bird had been christened a goose,
Its mate it would equally love;
But one couldn't as well to one's feelings give loose
As one can when one calls it a dove.

There's hair, and there's meet, and there's turtle which rhymes
With myrtle, with fair, and with sweet,
From which I might gather a lesson in time,
Which I have urged, and will not repeat.
But you'll see from these samples, and many besides,
That Nature to poets is kind,
Inasmuch as she finds them, when courting their brides,
A remarkable number of rhymes.

STREET INDICATORS.

SCENE.—A lamp-post in Market Street, with indicator attached.

"Evening News" Boy. I say, Bill, how is it they haven't put my name on the indicator?

"Evening Mail" Boy. Why, because the Mayor never invites me to dinner.

"Evening News" Boy. You don't mean to say as how the Mayor invites everybody who has a shop in Market Street to dinner?

"Evening Mail" Boy. Of course he does! He's paid to do it, too.

"Evening News" Boy. But do they accept his invitation?

"Evening Mail" Boy. Only them as can afford it. And he charges them five shillings a head for their dinner; and as it's very dear to put their names in the newspapers, he's going to put them instead in the lamp-posts. Evening Mail, sir!

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of eve

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF SOUTHPORT.

MR. B. ST. J. B. JOULE (God forgive his godfathers and godmothers!) of musical and magisterial notoriety in Manchester, is now resident in Southport. The question of the sanitary condition of that town has long been under discussion, and Mr. Joule has, with scores of others, rushed into print to defend it from the allegation that it is not in a healthy condition. Mr. Joule, like the authorities of Southport, seems to be fond of a row in a teacup, and it never seems to enter his magisterial and musical head that the best way to ensure an unfounded rumour dying out is to let it alone. Now that we are on the subject of the condition of Southport, we recommend for the consideration of its authorities the necessity for the adoption of a few most comprehensive bye-laws for the benefit of visitors:—

1. That the Mayor and Corporation should not be permitted to go out cockle-hunting more than once a month.
2. That immediate steps should be taken for placing Southport about a mile and a half nearer the sea.
3. That young widows should not be sent out to promenade the pier, unless they carry a certificate of their age.
4. That B. St. J. B. Joule should not be allowed to ride a donkey on the sands on the Sunday mornings, and play the organ at St. Peter's Church, Manchester, in the evening.

DOG-DAY DIALOGUES.

SCENE I.—Victoria Station. Mr. J. W. MACLURE on the platform. Train arriving, out of which steps Mr. F. S. POWELL.

Mr. Maclure. Holloa! Powell, what on earth's brought you into this district again? I thought, after the way you cut up at the election, you wouldn't have dared to come into Lancashire.

Mr. Powell. No! Ah, you don't know me yet. Why, I don't know anybody who has—hem!—so much effrontery as I have—when it is necessary.

Mr. Maclure. Don't you, though? Then I do.

Mr. Powell. Well, we won't quarrel about it, but leave results to show.

Mr. Maclure. But you haven't told me where you are going.

Mr. Powell. Oh, to Wigan, of course. [Winking.] The Conservatives there are going to present me with an address, and I say, Maclure, just listen to what I'm going to say.

Mr. Maclure. All right.

Mr. Powell [reading from a well-fingered manuscript]. "With reference to the future political contests in Manchester, I say I know the Conservatives of that great constituency are not discouraged!"

Mr. Maclure. Well, between you and I and the porter there, I think I would modify that a bit. At any rate, I would strike out the "cheers," which I see you have inserted.

Mr. Powell. Well, I'll think it over. But that's only a trifle; listen! "The public have been told that I entered Manchester as a Conservative candidate, and that by some strange transformation, chemical or mechanical, I emerged a Home Ruler."

Mr. Maclure. Perfectly true.

Mr. Powell. It isn't, and you know it isn't! All I promised to vote for was Butt's motion.

Mr. Maclure. But, my dear boy, wouldn't you vote for Home Rule now, if say Sir Thomas Bazley or Mr. Birley were to resign, and we asked you to come forward again? Remember the Irish vote!

Mr. Powell. Ah, that's quite another matter; and, Maclure, as you've put the question so direct, I don't mind saying [whispers in his ear].

Mr. Maclure. Just what I expected from a man of your consistency, so I'll write to Captain Kerwin at once, and get the Home Rule vote squared. Let's have a drink.

SCENE II.—On the Yorkshire Moors. The Town Clerk with his gun over his shoulder; Aldermen BAKE and BAKER within gun shot.

Town Clerk. Order! order! How on earth do you think I can make a good bag if you go chattering on there? Holloa! is that a grouse?

Only a sparrow! Well, I didn't think I could be taken in so. To be sure, the only place I ever saw a grouse before was at Muirhead's.

Alderman Baker [under his breath]. I say, Bake, can the Town Clerk shoot?

Alderman Bake. Shoot! Why, he's a devil of a shot. I once saw him ring the bell at a shooting gallery at Knot Mill Fair—with his stick.

Town Clerk [at a distance]. Look out, gentlemen, I'm going to fire!

Alderman Baker. Aim lower, Sir Joseph.

Town Clerk. Then I'll be sure to hit Bake if I do. [Fires.]

Tableaux.—Aldermen BAKE and BAKER running hurriedly away from the scene, with the Town Clerk after them.

Alderman Baker. Did he hit you?

Alderman Bake. I'm not quite sure. Let's get on as fast as we can to the Manchester Infirmary.

Town Clerk. Stop! stop! for heaven's sake! I assure you I didn't hit Bake, for I forgot to put any shot in the gun.

SCENE III.—The Bishop of SALFORD'S house. Bishop enjoying a cigar.

Bishop. The weather's frightfully hot. I wonder what's keeping Gadd. Ah, here he is. [Enter Father Gadd.] Why, Gadd, what on earth's the matter? Why, your face is as long as Chapel Street.

Father Gadd. It's too bad, whoever has done it.

Bishop. Done what?

Father Gadd. Why, somebody has sent us half a dozen brace of grouse, and you know we can't eat 'em during the fast days.

Bishop. Oh, never mind, they'll keep. Like the Dean of Manchester, I like things—high flavoured.

Father Gadd. High see!

GRAPHIC!

FOR really delicious bits of description we know no place where the mind can be more readily satisfied than in the columns devoted to reports of learned local societies in the *City News*. Whoever writes them we do not know; but there shall always be a friendly corner kept open for him in the *Jackdaw*, if he will only favour us with an occasional jotting. The Field Naturalists visited Miller's Dale, a few days ago, and here is a full-flavoured bit of description which, we think, will suit everybody. "The Bagshawe Arms Inn is a cheerful roadside structure, half farmhouse and half hostelry. From the cooking apartment a pleasant odour of omelette was emitted. Instead of one of those black-silked dowagers with a troop of be-flounced and mincing belles, who superciliously freeze the soul of the simple traveller in some grander establishments, there was a smiling and civil hostess, assisted by a russet-cheeked maid, who vanished to obey behests with the speed of Mercury, and returned with a

Smile so bewitchin',
It lightened all the kitchen.

Outside, a number of highly-respectable hens gazed with true but hospitable dignity upon the intruders; the stables were redolent with grain and sweet hay; and nests of new-laid eggs adorned the mangers. After a substantial tea, the chair was taken by Mr. John Angell." Mr. Disraeli says he always likes to be on the side of the Angels, and after such a glorious description of a feast we say ditto. Why, the description is so touching that we can almost hear the "highly-respectable hens, gazing with true but hospitable dignity upon the intruders," crowing, and the "new-laid eggs which adorned the mangers" in the saucepan, singing psalms of joy alongside some good home-fed bacon. As for the smiling and civil hostess, why, we confess we cannot make up our mind whether to admire her most or the "russet-cheeked maid, who vanished to obey her behests with the speed of Mercury." At any rate, both must have been very attractive, or the hungry swain, with such marvellous descriptive powers, would never have mixed them up with the barn-door fowls, the eggs, and Mercury. By the way, nothing is said as to how the glass stood in the shade that day.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.



AMUSEMENTS.

PRINCE'S.—Monday Next, Miss NEILSON. ROMEO AND JULIET.
AS YOU LIKE IT. SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.—Open for the Season.
Attraction of the Season, Messrs. Dawson and Sons' Magnificent Daylight Picture of the IMPERIAL CITY OF CALCUTTA, capital of the British Empire in India. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at dusk, during the season, will be represented the grand spectacle of the Reception of the PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA, concluding with a Brilliant Display of Fireworks. The Military Band of the Gardens in attendance every day from two p.m. The great collection of living animals and birds always on view. Pleasure boats and steamers ply on the great lakes, which are upwards of eight acres in extent. Conservatories, Ferneries, Museum, Mazes, Steam Horses, Velocipedes, etc. Admission, 6d. each; Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, 1s. each after four p.m.

COMPSTALL GARDENS AND BOWLING GREEN, MARPLE.
Special Arrangements have been made with the Railway Companies for CHEAP FARES on Wednesdays and Saturdays, as follows:—From Manchester, on Wednesdays, at 2 25 p.m.; on Saturdays, at 1 30 and 2 25 p.m. Returning from Marple at 6 0, 7 0, 8 15, 8 50, and 9 40 for Manchester. Fares to Marple and back, third class, including admission to the Gardens, 1s. 2d. Ordinary admission, 3d.

PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL, LOWER MOSLEY STREET.
Monday, August 21, and During the Week.
Immense success of the great DE CASTRO FAMILY. Engagement of Mr. J. WYNNE. Engagement of Madame PEDLEY. Re-engagement and immense success of Messrs. VINCENT & RUSSELL. Engagement of Messrs. HENDERSON & STANLEY. Engagement of Miss C. RANSOME. Great success of the charming Sisters LOTTO & GRACE.

THE GREAT ANTIQUARIAN RELIC.—This greatest of wonders is in the Giant Form of a Man over Twelve Feet in Height, having Six Toes on one foot, but otherwise anatomically perfect. It was taken from the ground in County Antrim, Ireland, in January last. Is now on exhibition at No. 12, St. Ann's Square. Ladies as well as gentlemen should not fail to see it. Admission, one shilling; children, half-price. Open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

NICHOLSON TESTIMONIAL FUND.—Subscriptions in aid of this fund may be transmitted or paid to Mr. Edward Wills, Treasurer, 36, Faulkner Street, Manchester. N. C. UNDERWOOD, Hon. Sec. Committee Rooms, 10, Temple Chambers, 4, St. James's Square, Manchester.

OYSTERS, OYSTERS, OYSTERS.—Best London Natives and Seconds.
W. THOMPSON, 3, Spring Gardens, receives a daily supply.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the difference between the Irish sports at Abbey Hey Gardens, to-morrow, and the recent Caledonian festival at Manley Park, is that in the latter case drink and dancing went together, and in the former they will suffer an unnatural divorce.

That the committee of the Caledonian Association have it in contemplation to take a leaf out of the book of their Hibernian consins, and ask the Rev. W. Rigby Murray to officiate next year as judge of the Highland fling and reel dancing, and the Rev. J. A. Gardiner to pronounce on the pipers.

That all the Irishmen who attend the Salford Diocesan Crusade fête are expected to go in jackets, so that there shall be no temptation to them to trid on each other's coat-tails.

That when Sir John Hles Mantell asks the counsels to be brief in their cross-examinations, it is to allow somebody on the bench plenty of time to make mistakes.

That if the Conservatives of Manchester or Salford are ever invited to a picnic at the residence of Mr. Diz—, we beg his pardon, Earl Beaconsfield, K.G., they are to describe him as "mine hose of the garter."

That since the Bishop of Manchester told a Salford audience that there were fools and asses in the Church of England, and spoke of indolent and scandalous clergymen, he has been overwhelmed with letters of inquiry for names.

That he has been obliged to say that he was not thinking of his own diocese when he made these observations.

That the tailors, owing to the grouse season, haven't been making such good fitting trousers as usual, as they've gone in for big bags.

That an old-fashioned grouse can always tell a Manchester man, as he shoots with cotton—wads.

That grouse were so plentiful at Muirhead's, on Saturday, that they could be had for carrying away—by those who had paid for them.

That the paupers at Chorlton Workhouse object to Tomato sauce as well as underdone chops.

That they object to the workhouse master's sauce, too, because it is not sufficiently peppery.

That after the prorogation of Parliament, Mr. Charley is going to look after the pump at the Aylesbury Milk Company's Farm.

That the Miss Goodlad who had the courage to give a dishonest omnibus guard into custody, ought to change her name to Goodlass.

That in making the arrest of the Keighley Guardians, the police got so many hard knocks that in future they are going in as anti-whack-cinators.

IN MEMORIAM: DIZZY.

Entered Parliament, 1837; made a Peer, August 10, 1876.

THE kindly satire of a comic page
Ennobled him for all,
In days when giants stalked upon the stage,
And wrote upon the wall.
The legend that he wrote there still remains
For ages to admire,
The name wit-given Beaconsfield retains,
Though wit has lost its fire.

In some such fashion do the dead and gone
Through words familiar peep;
The name may shine—it was the man who shone—
His memory we weep.
A giant—to a dwarf translated—he
Hangs up his lance and shield;
But still to friends and foes he'll "Dizzy" be—
Not Baron Beaconsfield.

AN IRISH FETE.

BEDAD! but the Irish are going in for a jollification on Saturday next. The third annual gala and fête of the Salford Diocesan Crusade is to be held in Abbey Hey Park, Gorton, and his Imminence Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of Salford, Father Nugent, and a lot of other good "ould sows," have promised to be present. Shillaleghs are strictly forbidden. Among the interesting features of the day will be the donkey races, for which Father Gadd and other Church dignitaries have entered. The conditions are that no man shall ride his own donkey, and the last donkey in is to win. The betting, we believe, is in favour of one of the Jesuit fathers. Does anybody know what an egg and spoon race (for ladies only) is? We hope it isn't a race in the way of a consumption of unhatched chickens. At any rate, such a race is on the cards. In order to give his Imminence an opportunity of showing his extraordinary agility, there will be a dancing competition in Irish National jigs and reels; and it is just possible that a splendid contest, to the tune of "Judy O'Flannagan," may ensue between his Imminence and Father O'Callaghan. Oeh! but it'll be a sight to make Irishmen weep.—N.B. No intoxicating drink allowed.

E. JAMIESON & Co., Fashionable Tailors.—Business Suits £1. 12s., Scotch Tweed Suits £2.

THE BISHOP ON HIS TRAVELS.

HE was a tall, well-made, genial, but slightly worried-looking man, dressed, as some people thought, somewhat quaintly, and carrying a large blue bag. It was getting late, and he was anxious not to miss his train, but other people were actuated by the same desire, and he couldn't complain if he got hustled and jostled in a manner strange to him, for no one knew him, and Chester station is not always the pleasantest place in the world. The porter whom he asked about the train rushed past without heeding him; the excursionists pushed him about unceremoniously; but he never murmured; no, not even when they almost separated him from his bag, and crushed his queer-sloped hat. We should have forgiven him if his lips had shaped a little expletive, and he had vowed never to go to Chester Cathedral to preach again, when he entered his comfortably-furnished first-class carriage, and found himself wedged into a corner by a dozen third-class passengers, with a puling baby on his knee and soiling his apron, and its stout mother sitting on his bag; for a Bishop—and especially a bachelor Bishop—is not used to these things, and it plays the deuce with lawn sleeves and surplices when they are sat upon ever so lightly.

ONCE AGAIN.

ONCE again I view the spot
Where a happy youth I strayed;
Mary dwelt in yonder cot—
Mary was a lovely maid.
Now, the scene which once was fair
Finds no favour in my sight;
Mary is no longer there,
Whom to court was my delight.
Sweetly then the moments fled,
When my love was by my side;
Joyfully my suit was sped,
For she said she'd be my bride.
Bright the glances that we threw
Each on other when we met,
When the little flowers with dew
All at eventide were wet.
Or, perchance, the noonday shade,
Hand in hand, we used to seek,
Where the chequered sunlight played
Like the blush on Mary's cheek.
That she always would be mine
Mary fondly would aver;
Now she's nursing number nine,
And I have too much of her.

CHOPS FOR PAUPERS.

THE paupers at Chorlton Union Workhouse ought to be the happiest on the face of the earth, for energetic Guardian Fuller keeps a sharp look out upon their interest, even to the cooking of their chops. Only on Friday last, Mr. Fuller rose up in his place at the board, and feeling in a most knowing manner in his coat pockets produced no less than twelve rotten chops, which he deposited before him on the table. "God bless me," said the chairman, interrupting Mr. Fuller's flourish of hand, "if Mr. Fuller is going to stand lunch, I hope he'll let us get through our business first, not but what I think a chop's a good thing at any time." "So do I," said Mr. Cutting, looking for all the world as if he was prepared to use a knife and fork dexterously. But Mr. Fuller was not intending to stand lunch; not he. He placed his right hand above his heart, and his left not far away from the chops, and in a most dramatic way inquired of the workhouse master, "Are you going to make any report about the chops?" Then the fat seemed to be in the fire. The workhouse master caught the workhouse master on his soft side of hearing, and indignantly replied that he was not. Balancing one of the chops on the tip of his finger, Mr. Fuller proceeded to unburden his mind. It turned out, from the gist of his speech, that sick paupers do not like underdone chops, especially when they are underdone in order, as the workhouse master said, to keep up their weight. And so, a few days ago,

Mr. Fuller had been called in by the doctor, who had refused to let twelve underdone tit-bits go into the hospital. "But," observed Mr. Fuller, "the most interesting circumstance connected with this matter is that after the doctor refused to let the chops go into the hospital, twelve other 'respectable' chops were produced. It was an interesting inquiry to ascertain the original destination of the 'respectable' chops before they were sent into the hospital—in fact, it is a little conundrum which I submit to the consideration of the board." And this was Mr. Fuller's last shot. Nobody on the board answered the question, but the workhouse master looked straight at the chairman and Mr. Edgill, the clerk, both of whom, we are bound to say, looked particularly chop-fallen. Perhaps it would not be out of place to put a little conundrum also to Mr. Fuller. "What became of the chops which were not respectable?"

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

[FROM OUR OWN PARLIAMENTARY REPORTER.]

HOUSE OF LORDS.

DON'T believe a word of what you saw in the newspapers about the Queen's speech. No such speech was delivered. The report of the speech which appeared in the daily and evening newspapers was circulated by the members of the opposition weeks ago. I have this from Mr. Disraeli himself, and if you doubt my authority just ask the London letter correspondent of the *Courier* to confirm my statement. I was in the House of Lords myself when the speech was read. Mr. Disraeli himself delivered it, and not a single Liberal member was within half a mile of the spot. Oh, no, they were in the Lower House discussing matters of detail. I'll give you, as far as I can remember, the text of her Majesty's speech as it left Mr. Disraeli's mouth:—

Mr. Disraeli, whose curl was out of paper, wore a white camelia in his button-hole, and said: My lords and gentlemen (Tories only), I am proud to say that we have just completed a session which for hard work and no results is unparalleled. I repeat—which for hard work and no play is unparalleled—How do you spell it, Cross? We have extreme satisfaction, at any rate, in knowing that there will be plenty of work for those who have the honour of a seat in the House next session. (Cheers.) Whoever is your leader when Parliament meets again he will have his work cut out. (Mr. Charley: Go it, old boy, tell 'em I advised you to retire upon your laurels.)

[At this stage of the proceedings we learn from another source our Parliamentary reporter was placed under arrest by the Sergeant-at-Arms.]

AID TO THE SERVIAN REFUGEES.

A MODEST appeal has been published this week in our daily contemporaries for aid to the Servian refugees who have been driven from home by the approach of the dreaded Turk. The *Jackdaw* ventures earnestly to commend this good object to its readers. We trust that the sympathy of Manchester with the expatriated Slavs will not be exclusively political or sentimental. At the town's meeting, the other day, Sir Joseph Heron, in reading the telegram from the Ladies Committee at Belgrade, said that it had evidently been addressed to the Mayor in a mistake as to the nature of a town's meeting. Technically that may be true, but we believe that these pious and patriotic women made no mistake in appealing for help to the charitable in Manchester. It was a pity that the telegram, once it was read and handed to the reporters, was no more referred to. At the close of the meeting, indeed, Miss Becker rose to speak, probably with the view of suggesting some practical step in the matter, but she failed to catch the chairman's eye. A satisfactory way, however, is now opened up, in which sympathy with the homeless, the widowed, and the orphaned, exiled by a war which is without modern parallel for cruelty and license, may be effectively testified. Subscriptions and donations of clothing will be received by Messrs. Schwann, Moders, and Co., Portland Street. We hope to be able to add before another week that a numerous and influential ladies committee has been associated with them. The time of issuing the appeal is doubtless unfortunate. The town is empty, trade is dull, and money scarce. But the case is urgent and imperative, and Manchester cannot turn to it a deaf ear.

All Goods thoroughly shrunk by a new process.—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

WHO IS HE?

THE *New York Times* of August 1st, under the head of "municipal notes," has the following: "Mayor Green, of Manchester, England, called upon Acting-Mayor Lewis yesterday. He was subsequently shown the governor's room, and other objects of interest in the city hall." As everybody knows, Manchester never had a Mayor Green, and what is more the Town Clerk intends that it never shall. Who, then, has been presuming to usurp the title? The curious part of the matter is that "Mayor Green was shown the city hall." We are not great believers in spiritualism, but we have a suspicion that some of our dignified city councillors, by the aid of spiritual influences, may have crossed the Atlantic, and under the name of Green made inquiries as to a proper title for the new Town Hall. "Who is he?" ought to be asked by the Town Clerk at the next meeting of the Council. By the way, Mr. Raper, of the United Kingdom Alliance, is now in America, and it is just possible that he may have been mistaken for his worship of Manchester; but then how are we to account for the name, unless the writer of the paragraph resorted to the most appropriate name in the way of describing the person who dubbed himself the Mayor of Manchester!

HALF-HOURS WITH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.—No. VII.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

NOW, Mr. Henpeck, I should like to know who's to keep things decent. There's the ink upset again. *I should keep the children out of the way?* Of course; I believe you would not care if you never saw them. Which of them was it? I insist upon their being punished. *They could not help it?* That's the way you are always spoiling them, and taking their part. *I said just now that you hated them?* Catching up every word that I say in that manner! I declare, you have the most wicked disposition. *Can't I see that you are busy?* Oh, I see; and I am aware of how you are employed. I wonder Emma permits it, making fun of the most sacred subjects. *It is not a sacred subject?* I wonder that you can talk so, under the circumstances. *You wish I would go away?* I am sure you do. I believe you wish I was out of the house. I believe you wish I was dead. No, not dead! I understand your sneers, and you are at liberty to publish the whole of this conversation. *It isn't amusing enough?* No, I suppose it isn't; I only wonder that people should be amused by your vile untruths and sneers about women. *You wish they were untruths?* You did not talk like that when my darling took a serpent to her bosom. *Bosh!* You do not usually talk like that unless you are intoxicated, like you were last — There goes the ink again. I suppose you will say it was the children this time. Oh, that my child should be wedded to a drunkard! *You are sober now?* Yes, you are sober now, and that makes your behaviour all the worse. Last Tuesday, you — What do you throw your pen down for in that way? *You are waiting till you get a little peace?* That's a wicked excuse for your temper. You provoke me to tell you the truth, and then you throw it in my face. *I have been in and out a dozen times?* If I have, the household work must be done. You are glad of an excuse for being idle, though the money is wanted badly enough. *It's little we see of it.* We have everything we want, except peace and quietness? Oh, yes, that's the way, you always want to change the subject. Will you say that when I had to make Bobby's trousers with my own hands? *A pretty figure he looks?* If you set the child against everything like that he will grow up as bad as yourself. *You hope he will avoid some of your mistakes?* I hope he may be able to do so with good training. *He has all his misery before him?* I am surprised to hear a man with everything comfortable about him talking like that. I am sure we do our best to make you happy. There goes the inkstand on the floor. What will you do next? *Pick it up again, to be sure?* Yes, that's the sort of flippant way that men talk when they know they are in the wrong. *You are going to have*

a smoke? Not in this apartment; not — If you smoke in my presence I shall leave the house. You don't care for that, I see. *Because you know I don't mean it?* Very well, you will see. The house will soon be like a pothouse. *You want to go on with your work?* Well, I shall leave you to it; but why didn't you say so before? I should be the last person to interfere with your earning money.

[I believe that in skirmishes like these my mother-in-law is hardly aware how much annoyance she causes. Hence I usually get the better of her by mild treatment.—C. H.]

THE "OLD FOGIE" IN AUSTRALIA.

MAKING A WHEELBARROW.

ONCE upon a time residing In the Bushland, with the "Novice" And the "Hypochondriac" and "Nature's Lover" as my comrades, On a certain day it happened That the labour was suspended, Which we had performed together (Splitting logs I think our work was), For my comrades, as aforesaid, Had determined, had decided, To repair unto the township— To the township where the store was, And the blacksmith, and the grog-shop— Just, they said, to buy provisions, And the other necessities That were wanted in the Bushland; And I hardly need to tell you, When they went there they got drunk there, But the fact at which I hint is Immaterial at present. Why I did not go I know not, For my recollection fails me— But, at all events, I didn't.

Now, I hated to be idle— Idle in the lonely Bushland— And as soon as they departed (To my friends I am alluding), I began to cast about me For some easy light employment Which should serve to pass the time, and Also tend to useful purpose. And I finally bethought me— Happy thought!— I'll make a barrow. In my own untutored fashion Carefully the sides I'll fashion, And the handles and the wheel and Legs of wood for it to rest on, When the day of toil is over, And its service is dispensed with. So I set to work to make it In my own untutored fashion, In the lonely heat and shadow Of the vast and dreary Bushland; And to aid me in my labour, And to make the hours go lightly, I amused myself with singing To myself, or *sotto voce*, Some such stave or strain as this one— "Give me of your boards, oh, tea-chest— Chest containing tea no longer, Thrown away as useless lumber, Covered over with strange emblems By the Chinamen, intended Doubtless to be handsome pictures— Give me of your boards, oh, tea-chest, For the sides of this my barrow, Which I am about to fashion To astound my friends, returning, With a proof of my adroitness." Then I smashed up that old tea-chest, And I took the sides and framed them— Framed them in exact proportion With an axe until the shape was Satisfactory unto me; Then I cast my eyes about me For some wood to make the bottom, And I found an empty jam-case—

Jam or pickles I forget which—
And the sides of this were stronger,
Stronger than the empty tea-chest,
Strong enough to make the bottom.
"Give me of your boards, oh, jam-case—
Jam or pickles I forget which—
I will take them, I will frame them
In the most exact proportions
For the bottom of my barrow,
Which I am engaged on making
As a proof of my adroitness
To astound my absent comrades."

Give me of your tin, oh, jam-pot—
Pot in which there's jam no longer,
Mainly owing to the efforts
Of the "Hypochondriac," who
Very fond of currant jam is—
Give me of your tin, oh, jam-pot,
I will make it into rivets,
Into nails, too, I will make it,
In my own untutored fashion,
Which shall hold the parts together
Of the barrow I am making.
Give me of your wood, oh, sapling,
So that I may frame the handles;
Give me of your wood, oh, gum-tree,
So that I may frame the wheel which
Is essential to a barrow—
In a solid piece I'll frame it
In my rude and homely fashion;
So the task of making spokes will
Be dispensed with, be avoided,
For I know not how to make them,
Nor the tire to which they fit in.

So I set to work and made it
In my own untutored fashion,
Putting all the parts together,
Nailing them with scraps of jam-pot,
Sticking on the legs and handles,
Till at last I had completed,
Most laboriously finished,
The construction of the barrow,
Proof unto my absent comrades
Of my wonderful adroitness.
Now, I may remark in passing,
I may mention, I may tell you,
That it wasn't much to look at,
Was the barrow I had fashioned.
It was more or less lopsided,
And its aspect was but weakly,
And I owned that it had not a
Very picturesque appearance;
Still, I thought, it will be useful,
For there is no earthly reason
Why a barrow should be handsome
So that it performs the duty
For the which it is intended.

All this time I had not tried it,
I had only gazed upon it,
Wrapt in silent admiration
At this proof of my adroitness
As upon its legs it stood there;
When enough I had admired it,
Noting also the defects which
In a superficial manner
Marred my handiwork's appearance,
In my paws I took the handles,
And I proudly heaved them upwards,
And I set the wheel in motion,
But I found somehow or other
That although its looks were ugly
(To the barrow I'm alluding)
To be handled it was more so,
For within its brief existence
In some way it had contracted
An unconquerable habit
Of revolving in a circle
When it ought to go straight onwards,
And the more I tried to drive it
All the more it would not travel,
Save in the eccentric manner
Which I have already mentioned,
And the more I tried to mend it
All the greater the defect was;
It was not a bit of use to

Show an engine to my comrades
That would only deign to travel
In an everlasting circle.
This was clearly not the purpose
Nor the destiny of barrows,
Which from one place to another
By a tolerably near route
Are expected by the owner
To be driven—so my soul was
Vexed against it, and I took it
(To the barrow I'm alluding),
And I broke it up for firewood,
Into many chips I broke it,
And my diligence astounded
All my friends on their returning,
There was such a lot of firewood.
But, regarding my adroitness
They were all as dumb as I was,
For they did not know the story
Of my poor abortive effort.

THE SINGLE SAXPENCE.

SCENE.—Oxford Road. Time, Wednesday afternoon. Temperature, 130 degrees on the top of an omnibus. "Hal-o'-th'-Wynd," lolling on the top of a Withington omnibus, is hailed by "Promotion by Merit," from the flags in front of Rylands' warehouse, and signals to his friend to come up higher. "Promotion by Merit," after a few moments' hesitation, claps his hands on his breeches pocket, shakes his head, and trudges sturdily on.

Fellow-passenger [to "Hal-o'-th'-Wynd"]. Oh, no, he won't come on this 'bus; I know him; he's a Scotchman. It's threepence outside on this 'bus, and as he only wants to go to Rusholme, he'll wait a bit, and save his penny.

"Hal-o'-th'-Wynd" vainly attempts to disabuse his fellow-passenger of this erroneous idea.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

RE-PUBLISHED A.D. 2152.

Extract 1.

THE Earl of Beaconsfield was always a remarkable man, and was very apt in quotations from an author little known now in this country—William Shakspeare. On one occasion the noble earl was most felicitous in his quotation. He had before him a lord chancellor, upon whom the duty rested of reading the Queen's speech. His instructions were somewhat to this effect: "Hem! Ham! Hamlet! Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many chancellors do, I had as lief the town crier, or my friend Charley, spoke my lines."

Extract 2.

The Earl of Beaconsfield sat in the House of Commons as Mr. Disraeli, and as a peer in the Upper House. Lord John Russell, who was a contemporary, was given to dreaming in the House of Lords, and a few days after the elevation of Mr. Disraeli to the peerage he started up as from forty winks, and quoting his favourite author exclaimed—

"Look here upon this picture, and on this—
The counterfeit presentment of two leaders;
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curl; by Jove, a Jew, indeed!
An eye like ma's (at the Stock Exchange) to threaten and command.

This was your leader. Look now what follows:—"

The noble earl here became aware that he had been muddling matters. The Earl of Beaconsfield felt for his curl, and finding it not took snuff.

Extract 3.

As the Earl of Beaconsfield was walking from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, on his elevation, he was met by his old antagonist, the Duke of Buccleuch. It is not a matter of history quite, but something like the following took place:—

Buccleuch. Eh, mon! Dizzy, thou art changed!
Beaconsfield. What do you see? You see a coronet, do you?
Buccleuch. Bless thee, Dizzy, bless thee, thou art translated!

MADGE ROBERTSON.

BY this familiar name Mrs. Kendal is and will continue to be known to the wide circle of friends she has made in Manchester, and whom she is drawing in shoals to the Prince's Theatre, even in the dog-days. It is so that the British public always takes liberties with the appellations of its especial favourites. The eye which would pass unheeding over the announcement of an entertainment by Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Dallas, or Mrs. Crowe, would be arrested and fascinated by the talismanic charm of such names as Helen Faucit, Miss Glyn, or Miss Bateman. In matters theatrical there is much in a name; and one would endure a pang if one which conjures up so many bright associations and pleasant memories as that of Madge Robertson were to suffer a change in printer's ink. We should scarcely say that "A Scrap of Paper," a clever adaptation made by Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson from Sardou's *Pattes de Mouches*, presents the most favourable opportunity of seeing our favourite comedienne. Have we not recollections of *Lady Teazle*, and the tiffs and reconciliations with Chippendale's *Sir Peter*? Can we forget her boisterous, hoydenish, coquettish *Constance*, in the "Love Chase," mimicking the ridiculous affectations, and teasing out the soul of "neighbour *Wildrake*"? Who among us has not been time and again over head and ears in love with winsome, saucy *Kate Harcastle*? Alas! that the old Haymarket Company should ever have been broken up, and the perfect representations of old English comedy have become a thing of the past! "A Scrap of Paper" is, nevertheless, a diverting enough comedy, in which the interest is closely focussed and perfectly maintained; and, above all, it affords to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal abundant opportunity of being much together upon the stage, with their wits pitted closely against each other in resolute encounter. Often such merry warfares turn to bitterness, but in "A Scrap of Paper" the result is different. Unknown to the players' hearts are the stakes, and both players win. It is worth a dozen representations of ordinary plays simply to see Madge Robertson *thinking*. When she is most close in her search after the important missing scrap of paper, she indulges in no vain hunt or discursive rummaging, as in the child's game of hide and seek. The detective process is purely mental. We cannot deny that the discovery, when made, appears trivial, and almost accidental; but the intellectual workings of a very subtle brain are all the same revealed by the quietest possible, but most expressive, by-play. Another specially memorable piece of real acting, without a word spoken, is the succession of varying comic expression chasing its way across her face, as the equivocal position in which she has placed herself by the effective manner in which she has forced *Colonel Blake* to back her up in her pretended avowals of love for him. In these passages, and throughout the play, we have the most consummate mimetic art most cleverly concealed, and the performance seems to be not acting, but nature. Of the other characters in this piece it is unnecessary to say almost anything. Mr. Kendal's *Colonel Blake* is, of course, clever and diverting; and Mr. Hare makes a good deal of fun out of the very silly part of *Archie Hamilton*.

In the second piece, "A Quiet Rubber," Mr. Hare assumes the part of an old Irish nobleman, poor, proud, and testy to a degree, with inimitable ability. His *Lord Kileclare* is a creation of an eccentric of the most perfect type. Mr. Kelly's *Sullivan*, generous, impulsive, and irascible, is almost equally clever. In some passages of the character we seem to recognise Mr. Isaac Butt in his brightest, merriest mood; and we remember to have seen, in a wrangle in the Four Courts, the eminent Q.C. and Home Ruler out of temper in the same hot-headed way as Mr. Kelly falls out of temper when he is wrongfully misunderstood. The stage setting of the piece is extremely rich and tasteful.

Mr. G. ORMOND TEARLE is announced to appear at the Liverpool Theatre Royal, on Monday evening, in a new romantic drama by Mr. R. Dodson. He will be supported by Miss Fanny Pitt.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

THERE is a very prevalent notion that the tautology, or the habit of repeating the same idea in different language, should be avoided by writers. This may be true of prose writing, but does not apply to poetry. Tautology may, indeed, be called the essence of poetry, and the poor poet who might be debarred from its use would be hard up indeed. If the student reflects a little, he will see this. Here, for instance, is a familiar quotation:—

"Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Have left her and gone,
No flower of the garden,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back its blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh."

Now, here are eight lines in which one simple fact is repeated no less than eight times, as thus: (1) There is one rose left in the garden at the end of summer; (2) the rose is blooming alone in the garden; (3) all the other flowers have left this one by itself; (4) all the other flowers have gone away; (5) there is no other flower of any kind near; (6) there is no other rosebud near; (7) its blushes are not reflected by any other flower; (8) no other flower sighs in answer to its sigh. Having exhausted ordinary language in repeating his idea six times, the poet becomes rather absurd in the last two quotations, for it is evident that, even if a flower could sigh or blush, the total absence of any other flowers from that garden could prevent the possibility of those sighs and blushes being returned. There are other absurdities contained in this stanza, which it would be waste of time to mention. Absurdity is an important branch of poetry which I must reserve to some other occasion. Let us see how this production would read in prose. "Behold," says the poet, "this rose it is the last rose of summer; all the other lovely flowers left it some time ago, and have now gone away. In addition to this there are no other flowers near it; moreover, there are no rosebuds within hail. In fact, there are no flowers at all here, whether rosebuds or otherwise, to reflect the blushes of this rose, or to sigh when this rose sighs." I would not encourage the student to hope that he may even arrive at the power of writing like this, but diligent study and practice will do much. Let us, he and I together, attempt a flight of our own. We must first get an idea. That of Tom Moore was solitude or desertion, but any sensation will do—

'Tis the scent of the violet
Borne on the breeze,
This delicate odour
My senses doth please.
As the breeze to my nostrils
The perfume conveys,
I envy the ass that
Upon them doth graze.

You see it is necessary to put in some little touch of imagination in order to vary it, as in the last two lines—

My nostrils are fond of
The perfume of these
(I allude to the violets),
Borne on the breeze.
Like incense it floateth
To tickle my nose,
It's borne on the wind that
O'er violets blows.

'Tis a sweet satisfaction
The perfume to smell,
That is borne on the breeze from
Where violets dwell.
The flower it exhales it,
It's wafted to me
By the breezes—how stupid
That donkey must be!

'Tis a perfume delicious
That's borne on the wind,
'Tis the scent of a flower of
The violet kind;
The quadruped heedless
Those flow'rets doth munch,
Along with the weeds he
Devours for his lunch.

GARVEY'S LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S SELF-PROPELLING BATH CHAIRS, for those that cannot walk.—GARVEY, the Private Carriage Builder, &c., 28, Downing Street, and 2, Grosvenor Street, Manchester.

The idea of this poem is a donkey feeding in a hedge, and a poet sniffing around in the distance. It makes very good prose. "Just sniff," says the poet; "here is a scent of violets coming, extraordinary to relate, the same way as the wind. I am very fond of this smell, which is a very nice one. It is curious that it should go with the wind. Violets must be good to eat, they smell so nice. There is a donkey eating some; they must be good for me. I really do like the smell of violets, especially when it travels with the wind, like this does. It creates a pleasant sensation in the region of the nose. It travels the same way as the wind, and proceeds from violets. It is really jolly sniffing at this wind that smells of violets. There must be some violets somewhere where this wind comes from. It is the violet that makes the smell, and the wind blows it along to me. If that donkey had more sense he would come and sniff instead of eating. These violets really smell very nice. It goes to leeward, that is how I smell it. It proceeds, I believe, from some sort of violet. That ass doesn't care about the smell, or the breeze either, or else he would do as I do." This is a lesson in poetical analysis which requires careful study.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A FARCICAL drama, written by Mr. Alfred Maltby, with the avowed object of displaying the versatile accomplishments of Mr. Collette, has been produced at the Queen's this week. Mr. Collette, as the hero *Bounce*, is made to assume a variety of disguises, in which he very cleverly imposes upon a number of very worthy people, and affords the audience infinite amusement. A patter entertainment, described by a name that would defy a Welshman to spell, and any one but Mr. Collette to pronounce, follows, in which the actor shows a facility and fluency in the use of hard terms that is positively bewildering. This light entertainment, in which Mr. Charles Mathews has done something before, is as pleasing as any other in this hot weather, when the most inveterate playgoer is incapable of very severe mental strain, but does not call for much further criticism. Mr. Collette has associated with him some clever artistes in Mr. Flockton, Mr. E. Bella, and Miss Kate Harfleur.

THE CAUSEWAY GIANT.

THAT the colossal figure which is now exhibited in a shop in St. Ann's Square is a fossil of the veritable giant with whose name the most magnificent piece of paving work in the world is supposed by tradition to have been laid, or of any of his descendants, we shall not venture to affirm. We frankly confess that the subject is to us a puzzle. There must, indeed, have been giants in those days if the figure is a fossil. If it is not a fossil, but a statue, it is almost equally wonderful, and we are at a loss to conceive how any artist in the most wild vagary of erratic genius could have adventured upon a joke so stupendous. The figure, which is twelve feet long and admirable in its proportions, is said by the exhibitor to have been discovered imbedded in the soil, about four feet beneath the surface, on the north coast of Ireland. Whatever it be, statue or fossil, the exhibit enjoys an appropriate advantage in the fact that its proprietor, being obviously of American extraction, is able to entertain his visitors with a description as tall as the subject demands.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

A. H. P.—The four stamps you mention are not to the fore, but the matter shall be attended to.

J. W.—Correspondents are requested not to send anything more about the Dizzy heights of the peerage, etc. Such things should be confined strictly to the bosom of the family, or to the privacy of the asylum.

G. W.—The "Hypochondriac," as you call him, is honoured by the imitation, which, however, will not appear in this journal.

H. F., Salford.—The railway accidents are quite enough for the public without the proposed infliction of agony. Please to consider that we have readers.

A Merry Consecration.—Meritorious enough from your point of view perhaps, but not from ours.

To Emma, H. F.—Not a superior emanation.

A Peck in the Right Direction.—Unfortunately, you are guilty of peccation. See No. V. *Pond Studies, M.*—There is a preponderance of dullness which makes your remarks too ponderous.

Declined, with Thanks.—"Mr. Powell at Wigan;" "Death in the Sewers;" "Manchester Murders."

SERVIAN REFUGEES!

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